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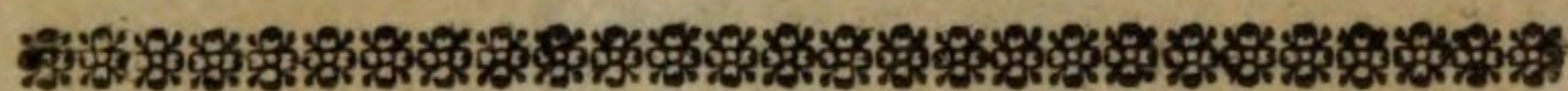
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LETTERS

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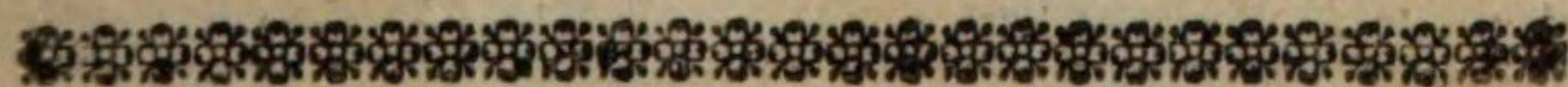
BETWEEN

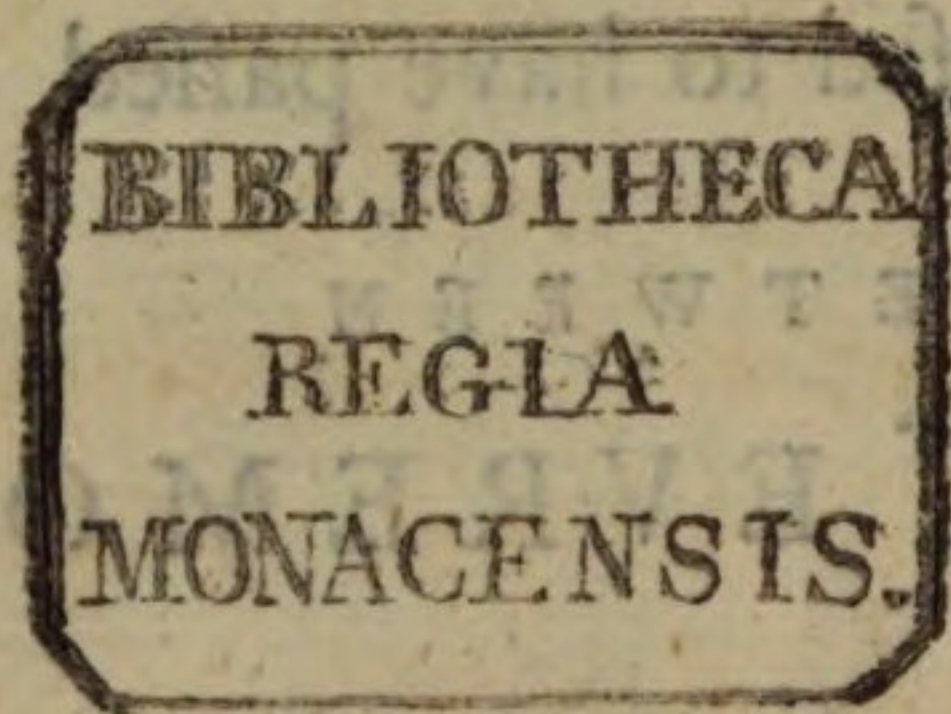
M. DE ST. EVREMOND

AND

Mr. WALLER.

VOLUME I.





LETTERS

Supposed to have passed

BETWEEN

M. DE ST. EVREMOND

AND

Mr. WALLER.

Collected and published

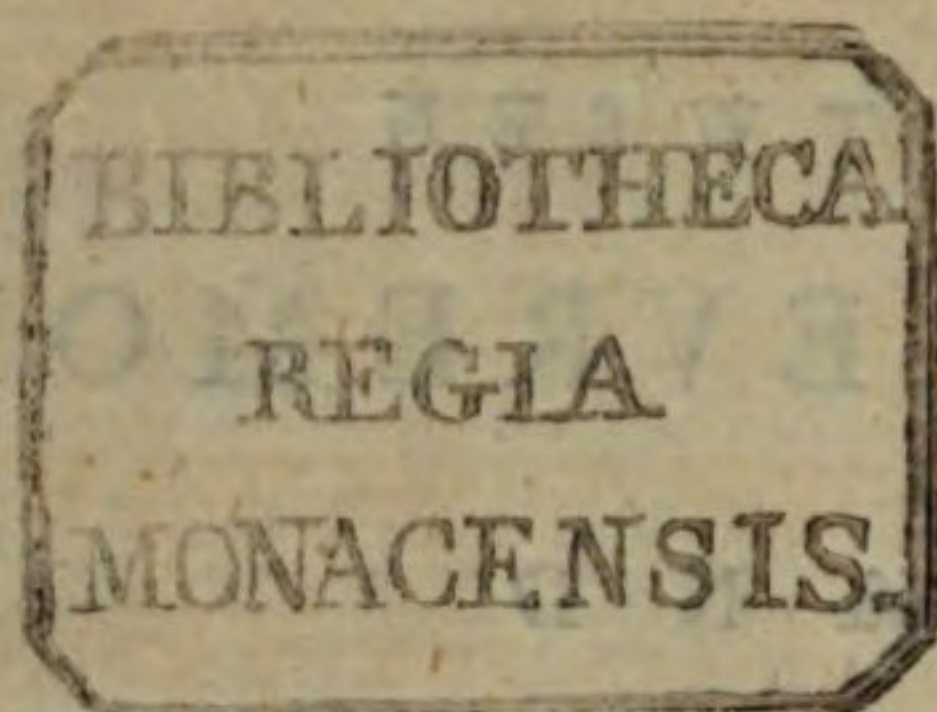
By the EDITOR of the LETTERS between
Theodosius and Constantia.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

LONDON,

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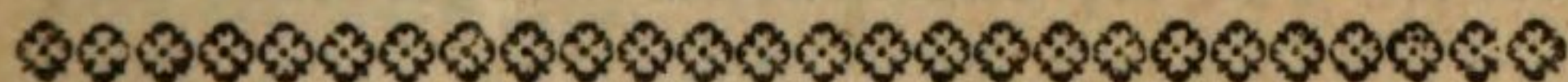




LETTERS

BETWEEN

M. DE ST. EVREMOND, &c.



LETTER I.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.



RAMMONT once told
Rochester, that if he could
by any means divest himself
of one half of his Wit,
the other half would make him the

B most

most agreeable man in the World. This Observation of the Count's did not strike me much when I heard it, but I have often remarked the Propriety of it since. Last Night I supped at Lord R——'s, with a select Party— On such Occasions he is not ambitious of shining—He is rather pleasant than arch—He is, comparatively, reserved; but you find something in that Restraint which is more agreeable than the utmost Exertion of Talents in others. The Reserve of *Rocheſter* gives you the Idea of a copious River, that fills its Chancel, and seems as if it could easily overflow its Banks, but is unwilling to spoil the Beauty and Verdure of the Plains. The most perfect Good-humour

humour was supported through the whole Evening, nor was it in the least disturbed, when, unexpectedly, towards the End of it, the King came in*. Something has vexed him, said *Rockester*; he never does me this Honour but when he is in an ill Humour. The following Dialogue, or something very like it, ensued.

The KING.

How the D—l have I got here?
The Knaves have fold every Cloak in
the Wardrobe.

* No unusual thing with Charles II.

ROCHESTER.

Those Knaves are Fools. That is a Part of Dress which, for their own sakes, your Majesty ought never to be without.

The KING.

Pshaw! I am vexed.

ROCHESTER.

I am glad of it. I hate still Life. Your Majesty is never so entertaining as when——

The KING.

Ridiculous!—I believe the *English* are the most untractable People upon Earth.

Ro-

ROCHESTER.

I most humbly beg your Majesty's Pardon, if I presume, in that Respect —

The KING.

You would find them so, were you in my Place, and obliged to govern.

ROCHESTER.

Were I in your Majesty's Place, I would not govern at all.

The KING.

How then?

ROCHESTER.

I would send for my good Lord of *Rochester*, and command him to govern.

The KING.

O! but the singular Modesty of that Nobleman!—

ROCHESTER.

He would certainly conform himself to your Majesty's bright Example—How gloriously would the two grand social Virtues flourish under his Auspices!

The KING.

O *prisca Fides*! What can those be?

Ro-

LETTER I.

7

ROCHESTER.

The Love of Wine and Women.

The KING.

God blefs your Majesty!

ROCHESTER.

Those Attachments keep the World in good Humour, and, therefore, I fay they are focial Virtues—Let the Bishop of *Salisbury* deny it if he can.

The KING.

He died laft Night—Have you a mind to fucceed him?

ROCHESTER.

On Condition that I fhall neither be called upon to preach on the Thirtieth

B 4

of

of *January*, nor on the Twenty-ninth of *May*.

The KING.

Those Conditions are curious—You object to the first, I suppose, because it would be a melancholy Subject; but the other —

ROCHESTER.

Would be a melancholy subject, too.

The KING.

That is too much—

ROCHESTER.

Nay, I only mean that the Business would be a little too grave for the
Day.

Day. Nothing but the Indulgence of the two grand social Virtues could be a proper Testimony of my Joy on that Occasion.

The K I N G.

Rochester, thou art the happiest Fellow in my Dominions.—Let me perish, if I do not envy thee thy Impudence!

It is in some such Strain of Conversation generally that this Prince passes off his Chagrin, and he never suffers his Dignity to stand in the way of his Humour. If Happiness be the End of Wisdom, I know not who has a right to censure his Conduct.

L E T-

LETTER II.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

PUNISHMENTS are distributed so very unequally in this World, that I have often thought it would afford a fair Argument at least for the Probability of Retribution, and a more equal Dispensation of Justice in the next. The Fault, if it may be called such, that forced me into Exile, was of a much more favourable Complexion than *Rocheſter's*, in the Liberties he took with his King, or even yours in repeating them. Monsieur *De Neuville* once ſaid to me ; that if the *French* and the *Engliſh* could make an

Ex-

Exchange of Monarchs, both the People and the Princes would find their Advantage in it. It is certain that the Humours of *Charles* would not so much expose his Dignity in the Court of *France*. He would be secure in the Secrecy, the Fidelity and Obsequiousness of his Courtiers. Even when he was there in no Character at all, he had always more Respect paid him, than the *English* have shewn him since he was restored to his Kingdom. I have many times remarked, that the People of *England* in general treat their Kings as they do their Wives — Very fond of them at first; afterwards they neither love nor respect them, yet are violent in the Defence of their Honour, and
will

will suffer none to use them ill but themselves. The Matrimonial Conduct of *Henry* the Eighth was not unlike the Political Conduct of the *English* under *Charles* the First. At first they adored him; afterwards they grew jealous; and, to crown all, they cut off his Head. The Mode of Government that followed might not improperly be compared to a State of Keeping, wherein the selfish, subtle, and ambitious Mistress artfully draws you in to that Submission and Servility that would never have been exacted by the faithful Wife. Yet what Arts of ingenious Blandishment were exerted to soothe the Usurper, and to soften the Idea of Usurpation! I remember

member that the finest Poet of the Age lent his persuasive Powers to effect these Purposes. I own, I do not envy the Reputation he acquired by it, when I consider that there are, in the next World, such People as *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, and *Æacus*.

L E T-

L E T T E R III.

WALLER to ST. EVREMOND.

THE best method of answering the Strictures contained in the concluding Part of your Letter, is to begin, where you end, in the Infernal Regions. The Hero of the *Æneid*, you know, in order to secure a favourable Reception in those Quarters, is commanded to gather the golden Bough, and present it as a *Douceur* to the Empress of the Shades. Do not you understand this Allegory?—You have made a bad Use, indeed, of your Poetical Reading. This Golden Branch, so grateful to the subterranean

nean

nean *Juno*, is nothing more than Praise.

*Hoc sibi pulchra suum ferri Proserpina
munus*

Instituit ———

Observe how beautifully the Poet shadows forth the Difficulties that attend this delicate Gift! how nicely it lies concealed!

*Latet arbore opaca,
Aureus et foliis, et lento vimine ramus.*

*————— Hunc tegit omnis
Lucus, et obscuris claudunt convallibus
umbræ.*

The

The Propriety of it's being sacred
to the Female Character!

Junoni Infernæ dictus sacer—

But the Beauty and Consistency of the
Allegory are peculiarly striking, when
the Hero is directed in his Search by
the Doves of *Venus*. Who does not
see that Softness and Complaisancy
of Manners, the Ground of pleasing
Address, and agreeable Flattery, de-
picted in those Doves?

*Maternas agnoscit aves, lætusque pre-
catur,*

Estè duces——

But *Venus* herself is to assist on this
great Occasion. Softness and Com-
plaisance,

plaisance, without Elegance and Beauty, will not rightly attain to this persuasive Compliment. It must be

—— *ritè repertum,*

and therefore the Goddess of Elegance and Beauty is invoked ;

—— *Tuque, O, dubiis, ne defice, rebus,*
Diva Parens ——

There is not in any Part of *Virgil's* Works, perhaps not in all Antiquity, a more beautiful or better-wrought Allegory than this.

But has it not its Use too, as well as its Beauty ? Has not the Poet left us an instructive Lesson in what Manner

we are to deal with difficult Men in difficult Times? If *Pluto*, or the Wife of *Pluto*, is to be appeased, and rendered accessible by this Golden Branch, I should have but an indifferent Opinion of that Man's Discretion who would not go in Quest of it.—For my own Part, whenever I am called upon to attend her *Elysian* Majesty, I will not fail to carry this along with me, and then, though I may have written forty Panegyrics on *Cromwell*, I shall have no Occasion to be afraid of *Minos*.

L E T-

LETTER IV.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

WERE it possible to prevent Gallantry from running into the Spirit of Intrigue, nothing certainly could be more agreeable; but the two Ideas are hardly to be separated before that Period of Life which you and I have attained. Nothing, indeed, can be more inoffensive than the Gallantry of our Years. It is the harmless Offspring of Memory and Fancy, amusing itself with the Shadows of Pleasures that are past. Let gay Youth, and graver Age count this ridiculous; if we find the *Tædium*

Vitæ in any Degree diverted by it, we have a Right to indulge it. The Recollection of former Enjoyments is all that Age has to subsist upon. To treat with Courtliness, and contemplate with Pleasure, such Objects as once afforded us Delight, is the Religion of Nature—'Tis a Sacrifice of Gratitude—'Tis a Testimony of Content.— Besides, I know not whether by these Attachments we may not lengthen as well as lighten Life.

*Waller, qui ne sent rien des maux de
la vieillesse,*

*Dont la vivacité fait honte a jeunes
gens,*

*S'attache à la Beauté pour vivre plus
long temps,*

Et

*Et ce qu'on nommeroit dans un autre
foiblesse*

*Est en ce rare Esprit une sage ten-
dresse,*

Qui le fait resister a l'injure des ans.

Your Friend Rymer has given a bet-
ter Turn to these Lines :

*Vain Gallants, look on Waller and
despair,*

*He, only he, may boast the grand
Receipt ;*

*Of Fourscore Years he never feels the
Weight ;*

*Still in his Element when with the Fair ;
There gay and fresh, drinks in the rosie
Air :*

*There happy, he enjoys his leisure
Hours,
Nor thinks of Winter whilst amidst
the Flowers.*

The Gallantry of the present Times seems to be of a Genius very different from that which prevailed in our better Days. It is fallen back into the Original Barbarism of Nature. The Affair of poor *Shrewsbury* is a shocking Instance of this. There is nothing extraordinary in the Duel between him and the Duke of *Buckingham*; though it was expected that his well known Indifference about *Lady Shrewsbury's* Commerce with his Grace, would have saved him from the Folly
of

of thinking his Honour concerned in the Affair: But in the Conduct of that bold and abandoned Woman, there was something that forbids one to think of her without Detestation— You have been informed, that, during the Engagement, she held the Duke's Horses, in the Habit of a Page. I have lately been told that she had Pistols concealed, and that she had pledged her Honour to shoot both *Shrewsbury* and herself, if the Husband should prove victorious. It was a Weakness and Want of Honour in the Duke to expose his Antagonist to so unfair, and so contemptible a Death; but it was a still greater Weakness to be capable of loving a Woman, who

C 4

wanted

wanted the Characteristics of her Sex, Tendernefs and Delicacy. The Genius of bold and vulgar Prostitution! What a depraved Spirit! what a groveling Soul must he have, who can mix his Passions with any thing so odious! A masculine Woman is my immortal Aversion! Masculine in Person, or in Spirit, she is equally dreadful! Courage in that Sex is to me as disgusting as Effeminacy in ours. I cannot bear to find even their Sentiments of the Male-Kind—A Female Divine, a Female Lawyer, a Female Historian, a Female Politician, are all insupportable Monsters! Out of Sex! Out of Character! Out of Nature! Lost to the very Idea of Propriety!

Propriety! and always affected to the last Excess of Absurdity!

How different from such is one whom we have had the Honour to know, and the Happiness to converse with, — the amiable, and gentle HAMILTON! Though Nature has given her a Capacity equal to the most arduous Attainments, with what Address does she manage her excellent Talents, and turn them to that Kind of Culture only which embellishes and endears the Female Character! — But, as a last Proof of her Merit, she has fixed irrevocably the fickle, the volatile, the various *Grammont*! You knew his long Attachment to her —

At

At length, he has married her. In this Measure, however, though he has shewn both Sense and Honour, yet he proceeded on a Principle, of which even you, who know him, will have no Idea. And here, too, you will find another Instance of the pernicious Spirit of Modern Gallantry. Though *Grammont* believed himself that he intended absolutely to espouse the fair *Hamilton*, yet when every thing seemed to be settled, and the critical Event drew near, the Dæmon of Gallantry took up his Part—He played the Character of *Hymen*, and rendered it so insupportably ridiculous, that *Grammont* could no longer bear the Idea of Marriage. The
Time

Time appointed for the Nuptials was at hand—The Lover flew upon the Wings of the Wind to the—Coast of *France*. This Desertion was received with a proper Indignation. A Brother of the fair *Hamilton's*, a Youth about Sixteen or Seventeen, pursued and overtook him almost as soon as he had arrived. “*Grammont*, (said he,) you
“ blush to see me—You have Reason—
“ You know me well—Return this
“ Moment with me to *England*, and
“ do yourself the Honour to espouse
“ my Sister—If that is an Honour
“ you chuse to decline,—I am the
“ youngest of seven Brothers, and if
“ I fall by your Hand, know, that
“ there are still six living, whose
“ Arms

“ Arms are stronger and more ex-
“ perienced than mine, and who
“ scorn, as much as I do, to survive
“ the Honour of a Sister.” The
Count stood silent for a while, and
smiled upon the beardless Champion—
But it was not a Smile of Contempt.
I have heard him say, that he never
felt the Sense of Honour so strongly as
at that Moment. The Phantom of
false Gallantry disappeared. “ Let
“ us return, (said he,) my brave
“ Friend—I blush to think of my
“ Folly—I deserve not the Honour of
“ being allied to your Family ; but I
“ will hope to be indebted for it to
“ your kind Intercession.”

This

This was certainly very great. It was a Return of Reason; a Recovery from a State of Insanity. What is true Honour but the Exercise of right Reason? All else is false and frivolous. Is Courage Honour? What a strange Confusion of Ideas! A Man of Honour would, in that Case, make a very despicable Figure, if put in the same Scale with a *Russian* Bear. Young *Hamilton* behaved with a true Sense of Honour—His Conduct was reasonable—It had the Protection of a Sister for its Object. But what should we have thought of *Grammont*, had he acted a different Part? In what Light would he have appeared, had he lived to pierce the
Heart

Heart of the Woman that he loved, through the Hearts of seven Brothers — The very Idea is Horror! — Yet this he certainly must have done, at least have attempted, had he placed Honour in Courage rather than in Reason.

Had *Shrewsbury* a right Sense of Honour when he challenged *Buckingham*? More than half the Court will tell you that he had — But, how ridiculous! Is the Defection of an infamous Woman a Disgrace to the Man she forsakes? Far otherwise — It is rather a Mark of his Integrity. The Antipathy that Vice has to Virtue is a Proof of this. It was rank Cowardice,

ice, Pusillanimity itself, that provoked *Shrewsbury* to the Challenge. He was *afraid* that his Courage should be doubted, if he omitted it.

Yet how universal is this Idea of false Honour! In one of the Campaigns I made with the Duke *D'Enguien*, an Officer, who had lost his Mistress, thought it necessary to fight for her. When he applied to the Duke for Permission, the latter asked him whether it was on Account of the Love he had for her, and whether he wanted, by killing his Rival, to recover her. “No, (replied the Officer,) “but if I do not fight, my Courage will be doubted.” “If that is all,
(said

(said the Duke,) “ you may be easy
“ about the Matter. I shall give you
“ an Opportunity of putting that out
“ of question; for, To-morrow, I in-
“ tend to fight myself.”

LET-

LETTER V.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

I Now write to you from the Earl of *Devonshire's*, where I have been for this Fortnight past paying my Devotions to the Genius of Nature. Nothing can be more romantic than this Country except the Region of the *Valois*; and nothing can equal this Place* in Beauty but the Borders of the Lake.

It was not, however, so much the Desire of seeing natural Curiosities that drew me down hither. There is a cer-

* Chatworth.

D

tain

tain moral Curiosity under this Roof which I had long wished to see, and my Lord *Devonshire* had the Goodness to indulge me by a very kind Invitation.

I need not tell you that I mean the great Philosopher, Mr. *Hobbs*, so distinguished for the Singularity of his Sentiments and his Disposition.

I arrived a little before Dinner, notwithstanding which the Earl told me he believed I was too late to see Mr. *Hobbs* that Day. “As he does not
 “think like other Men, (said he) it is
 “his Opinion that he should not live
 “like other Men. I suppose he dined
 “about

“ about two Hours ago, and he is now
 “ shut up for the rest of the Day ; your
 “ only Time to see him is in the Morn-
 “ ing ; but then he walks so fast up those
 “ Hills, that, unless you are mounted
 “ on one of my ablest Hunters, you
 “ will not keep Pace with him.”

It was not long, however, before
 I obtained an Audience extraordinary
 of this literary Potentate ; whom I
 found, like *Jupiter*, involved in
 Clouds of his own raising. He was
 entrenched behind a regular Battery of
 Ten or Twelve Guns, charged with a
 stinking Combustible called Tobacco.
 Two or Three of these he had fired
 off, and replaced them in the same
 D 2 Order.

Order. A fourth he levelled so mathematically against me, that I was hardly able to maintain my Post, though I assumed the Character and Dignity of Embassador from the Republic of Letters—" I am sorry for
 " your Republic, (said *Hobbs*,) for
 " if they send you to me in that Capacity, they either want me, or are
 " afraid of me. Men have but two
 " Motives for their Applications, and
 " those are Interest and Fear. But
 " the latter is, in my Opinion, most
 " predominant." I told him, " That
 " my Commission extended no farther
 " than to make him their Compliments, and to enquire after his
 " Health." " If that be all, (replied
 the

the Philosopher,) “ your Republic
 “ does nothing more than negotiate
 “ by the Maxim of other States, that
 “ is, by Hypocrisy. All Men are ne-
 “ cessarily in a State of War ; but all
 “ Authors hate each other upon Prin-
 “ ciple. For my Part, I am at Enmi-
 “ ty with the whole Corps, from the
 “ Bishop of *Salisbury* down to the Bell-
 “ man.—Nay, I hate their Writings
 “ as much as I do themselves. There
 “ is nothing so pernicious as Reading.
 “ It destroys Originality of Sentiment.
 “ My Lord *Devonshire* has more than
 “ Ten Thousand Volumes in his
 “ House. I entreated his Lordship
 “ to lodge me as far as possible from
 “ that pestilential Corner. I have but

“ one Book, and that is *Euclid*; but
“ I begin to be tired of him. I be-
“ lieve he has done more Harm than
“ Good—He has set Fools a reason-
“ ing.” — “ There is one thing in
“ Mr. *Hobbs*’s Conduct, (said Lord
D——,) “ that I am unable to ac-
“ count for—He is always railing at
“ Books, yet always adding to their
“ Number.” — “ I write, my Lord,
(answered *Hobbs*,) “ to shew the Folly
“ of Writing—Were all the Books in
“ the World on board one Vessel, I
“ should feel a greater Pleasure than
“ that *Lucretius* speaks of, in seeing
“ the Wreck.” — “ But should you feel
“ no Tendernefs for your own Pro-
“ ductions ?” — “ I care for nothing,
(added

(added he,) “ but the *Leviathan*, and]
 “ that might possibly escape by swim-
 “ ming.”

As he had frequently changed his Political Principles, I did not think it of Consequence to enquire into his Ideas of Government. But, in the Course of Conversation, I found that he looked upon the principal Engine of Administration to be Fear. “ All
 “ Government, (said he) is in itself an
 “ Evil. ’Tis nothing but the conti-
 “ nual Imposition of Terror, and In-
 “ fliction of Punishment. It must be
 “ owned, that it is an Evil which the
 “ natural Depravity of Men has ren-
 “ dered necessary to the Existence of

(replied his Lordship,) “ your Royal
 “ Pupil * does you much Honour.”

You have known this singular Man
 for some time. He said little concern-
 ing you, but that my Lord *Devonshire*
 sometimes made him angry by telling
 him that you made better Verses than
 himself. “ Poetry is a foolish thing,
 “ (said *Hobbs*,) but I hate to do any
 “ thing that is better done by others.”

* Charles II.

L E T-

L E T T E R VI.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.

THERE will be such Men as *Hobbs*, so long as the World endures, and perhaps it is necessary that there should be such. It is for the Interest of Truth that Sceptics and Infidels should occasionally start up and give the Alarm to Society. Those Countries that continue longest in the Enjoyment of Peace, are in the greatest Danger either of losing their Liberties through domestic Encroachments, or of becoming a Prey to the Power of foreign Invasion. The Reason of this is partly the Weakness
and

and Effeminacy which long Relaxation brings on all Orders of Men, and partly the Incapacity of Defence arising from the Disuse of War.—So it is in the State of Moral and Religious Truth.—While their Interests are unagitated, they become less attended to, less understood—In Process of Time, that Knowledge which should be general, becomes the Property of a few—Hence arbitrary Tenets, and Theological Prerogative! Hence Truth unexercised, in darker Times, was soon so covered with the Rust of Superstition, that she lost the very Principles and Springs of her Being. It is the Spirit of Enquiry that keeps her in a proper Condition of Defence,
that

that polishes, brightens, and refines her.

Hobbs, therefore, so far as he may be considered as an Opposer of Truth, is an useful Member of Society. But he is too feeble an Enemy to be of much Service in the Contest. The System of his Philosophy is purely constitutional, calculated for the Meridian of his own proper Being. *Hobbs* is naturally destitute both of Courage and Fortitude; and, of Course, he thinks that Fear is an universal Principle of Moral Action.—With regard to Interest, which he associates with Fear, it can only be considered as a Modification of that Passion; for, in
his

his Opinion, it consists in nothing more than personal Ease and Security.—His Ideas of Government are still of less Consequence than his Opinions of Moral Principles. The Light in which he views it, always changes with the Change of his Affairs. He is now full of Fears that he shall suffer for the Publication of his Opinions.—If the People in Power are so wrong-headed as to punish him, it is not the Badge of Tyranny he ought to give them—It is the Cap of Folly.

L E T-

LETTER VII.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

THIS Freedom, *Waller*, is a delightful thing. This ingenuous and unrestrained Expression of ones Feelings and Opinions, this Goal-Delivery of the Mind is the most happy Privilege.

Yet, methinks, I cannot enjoy it as I would.—A Man who, like *St. Evremond*, has been accustomed to live in Courts, where the grossest Adulation and Insincerity are so necessary, acquires an Habit of artificial Expression—Where Nature is no longer

longer left to the Force of her own Perceptions, to conceal our real Sentiments, and to substitute others, is studied as a Science. Thus long Habits of Dissimulation deprive us of the Natural Love of Truth, as those Animals we confine for our Amusement lose the Desire of Liberty.

In good time, sure, was I dismissed from these Scenes of Artifice and Delusion, before the Seeds of Native Ingenuity were totally corrupted.* I have yet some Pleasure in the Indulgence of Veracity; and it affords me no unreasonable Consolation, when I

* Yet he was labouring through his whole Life to be restored to them; but this is no unusual Inconsistency.

reflect,

reflect, that the same Attachment to Truth, which occasioned my Banishment, might have been utterly lost, if I had still enjoyed my Country.

Yet that Country, *Waller*, (I must confess my Weakness,) that Country still hangs upon my Heart, and I never read the

——— *Repetendaque nunquam*
Vale, Terra, dixi *———

of *Ovid*, without Emotions which I know not how to subdue—Be it yours, my Friend, and courtly Philosopher, to fortify my Soul against these pain-

* *Ovid Met. Lib XIII.*

ful Affections.—You who can apply Philosophy to every thing, and make every thing Philosophy, teach me a little of that happy Accommodation. Tell me how I may reconcile Inconsistencies — how I may love the Country I have lost, and be satisfied with another.

Be it yours, likewise, to instruct me in the Cultivation of that Sincerity which, till this Moment, has been the Object of my Thoughts, and let me gain something at least by the Loss of Place and Favour. The Soil you have to work upon, is, I hope, not absolutely barren, though it may have been over-run with Weeds: The

E

Climate

Climate will assist you in your Culture,
and I cannot wish you better Success,
than that he who was *St. Evremond* in
France may become *Waller* in *Eng-*
land.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

WALLER to ST. EVREMOND.

SINCERITY! Ingenuity of Expression! — There are no such things in the World.

Sincerity peculiar to the *English*! What a contemptible Opinion must you have of us! Do you look upon us as in a State of Nature? Are we not formed into Societies, polished and refined? And what can such a People have to do with Sincerity? It is the savage Characteristic of savage Life, the natural Effect of wild and uncivilized Qualities. It may prevail amongst the Hords of *Tartary*,

or the *Indians* of *North America*, but in cultivated Societies it cannot possibly exist.

Sincerity ! the most unfociable of Qualities ! Of all that is called Virtue the most unprofitable ! Were it absolutely to take place, Man could never be reconciled to Man. It is upon the daily Sacrifice of Sincerity that the Good-humour of Life subsists. It is by the Exercise of a contrary Quality that the Harmony of social Intercourse is preserved.

Man is too vain a Creature to allow the free Commerce of Truth. As she approaches his Self-Love is alarmed, and meets her as an Invader.

What,

What, in this Case, are we to do? Shall we not accommodate ourselves to the Weakness of our Nature?

Happy are the Effects of that *Complaisance*, which, assuming the fair and graceful Appearance of Truth, rejects her rigid Qualities; and, finding an open and easy Passage to the Heart, scatters Flowers along the Avenues as she goes!

To what Purpose is it that she cannot boast of her Alliance to Sincerity, while she may be allowed to derive her Origin from Benevolence? While her only End is our Satisfaction, wherefore should we censure the means whereby she effects it?

Mistake me not, *St. Evremond*! I would not have those Means unlimited. Gross Adulation is a dangerous thing, and is, in its Operation, like those Poisons, which, while they are delicious to the Palate, burn up the Heart.

* * * * *

I am interrupted. I will say more to you To-morrow.

LET-

L E T T E R IX.

WALLER to ST. EVREMOND.

YOU are mistaken, my good Friend! You are not so much inclined to Sincerity as you might imagine. Is it possible *St. Evremond* could be sincere, when he complimented *Waller* with the Task of instructing him in Philosophy?

*As well might fair Carlisle, whose
conquering Eyes*

*Pierce to the Soul, and make the Soul
their Prize,*

*In all her Majesty of Charms arrayed,
Bow to the Beauties of a Village-Maid.*

But though I smile at all this, and at your serious Observations on Sincerity, I cannot, without Compassion, hear your Complaints. Your Exile, I perceive, is still painful to you, and could I help you to a little of that accommodating Spirit you so frankly, and perhaps archly, ascribe to me, I am persuaded you would find your Account in it.

This Spirit, however, is not to be obtained while we indulge the Influence of certain Affections; and to teach you how to love your Country, without lamenting the Loss of it, is a Task beyond my Abilities.

But

But wherefore should we cherish those Affections that will not let us live at Peace? The Question is obvious, and not easy to be answered—You will say, perhaps, that such Affections as have been implanted by Nature, or have taken Root in Habit, are not to be overcome. You will plead for mechanical Influences, and involuntary Sensations—From my Soul do I forgive those Philosophers who maintain such Doctrines: They contribute to reconcile us to ourselves, by providing us with Apologies for a thousand Weaknesses: But, for my own Part, I must evermore be of Opinion, that by the Indulgence of fanciful Reflections, by a kind of
 mental

mental Intemperance, and Luxury of Imagination, we lay up for ourselves the greatest Part of our troublesome Attachments and uneasy Desires.

What *reasonable* Claim has *France* to such a Regard from *St. Evremond* as should inspire him with restless Longings, and wear out his Peace? Has Nature irrevocably implanted this Attachment?—But will Nature do any thing inconsistent with the Principles of Reason? Is it of Consequence either to her general Laws, or to her appropriated Instincts, that we should have an exclusive Affection for that particular Province, or Country, where *Chance* gave us Birth—It is to Nature
we

we owe our Being, but it is where Choice or Accident direct our Parents, that we are born — An Attachment to the Place, therefore, must be the Effect of Whim or Humour, rather than of Reason, or Nature.

But let us suppose that Habit has created what Nature did not inspire. Our Attachment to every Scene and Object increases in Proportion to the Continuance of our Acquaintance with it — Even things that are at first beheld with Disgust and Aversion find their Way into our Favour by Time; and those Affections, which Nature herself seems to have shut up from certain Objects, are insensibly drawn towards them by the Influence of Custom.

But

But neither Reason nor Nature have any thing to do in these Effects; for Reason continues insensible to their whole Process and Operation, and Nature frequently finds her own Instincts counteracted by them.

The Attachments of Habit, therefore, have neither Merit nor Virtue; they have no Excellence, either moral or natural; they receive no Sanction from original Instincts; and they are no Effects of rational Choice.

Awake, my *St. Evremond*! my Friend! my Philosopher! shall Dreams delude thee?

—*Vane*

———*Vane Sembianze!*

Imagini del Di, guaste e corrotte

Da l'ombre de la notte!

Citizen of the World! Shall Dreams delude thee? What else is this Attachment to *France*? Vain and irrational as the Desires of capricious Infancy! Idle as our Morning Wishes for those Scenes that Fancy has presented to us in the Night! Citizen of the World, awake! Consider all the Human Children of Nature gathered into one vast Society: This Portion of the Universe we call the Earth is our common Country: It is true, this Portion is divided into many Shares: But shall we be so childish as to hold
our

our own in peculiar Estimation? Or is there any one indeed, that we can properly call our own?—If it was our Lot to be born in a Country where Liberty is not a Birth-right, we have, literally speaking, no Country. Had *St. Evremond* been born in *Britain*, he might have called it his Country, because he would have been born to the free Enjoyment of its general Privileges; but a *Frenchman* has no Country. He is an unfortunate Dependent, liable to Death or Banishment, as the capricious Inclinations, or the ill-informed Judgment of his Master shall determine. An *Englishman* must be banished by his Country; a *Frenchman* is banished by his King—The
former

former has a Country from which he may go into Exile, the latter has none.

Grieve not at the Thought of losing what you never enjoyed. Rejoice in that Protection and Freedom, that Liberty even of Sentiment, which this Island will afford you, and in which you so justly express your Satisfaction.

When I fate down to write to you I intended to have said something on that Subject; but I have been drawn beyond my Bounds, and must continue indebted to you for all I had to say.

L E T-

L E T T E R X.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

I Am angry — You have abused my Country, and I will have my Revenge. I will tell you your Faults — You are the most singular of your singular Nation. It is true, you have more Wit and a better Understanding than half the People in your Island, and yet it is very seldom that you make any valuable Use of either. The former you throw away upon Women, whom you make vain without Affection, and upon Courtiers, who, while they have something more substantial in View, hardly envy you

you the Enjoyment of it. The latter can only be compared to a faithful Mirror, which reflects every Object in the truest Light, without receiving any Impression.

You seem not to have any determining Principles of Conduct — You are carried away by accidental Circumstances — You commit yourself wholly to Chance, live without Resolution, and think without Choice. What you do To-day you will avoid To-morrow, and repeat it the Day following ; yet will you not once be at the Trouble of giving yourself a Reason either for what you do, or for what you avoid. If you may be allowed

F lowed

lowed to have any Motive of Action at all, it is merely a temporary Inclination, the transient Offspring of Chance, or Fancy.

Yet what shall I say of thee ? thou Friend of many Colours, but beloved and admired in all ! Shall I endeavour to imitate thy Indifference, thy happy Flexibility, thy undissipated Diffipation ?

Teach me, dear *Waller*, like thee, to sail down the Current of Life, without Fear or Disorder, obedient to every Gale, and complying with every Tide ! Teach me, like thee, on whatever Shore I am thrown, to make
it

it my *optata Arena*. — *Horace*, and *Aristippus*, and *Epicurus*, those Philosophers of Common Sense, shall assist you in the Work of Conversion.

I believe I have yet Life enough left for such an Acquisition. I am not so old as *Socrates* was when he learned to dance, nor near so old as *Cato* when he learned a Language; and certainly the Attainments I have in View are of much greater Importance than either a Poem, or a *Pyrrhic* Dance.

Teach me, then, to be as happy, that is, to be as much at Rest, as you are. Withdraw my Heart from every Object but yourself, and let me not

think any thing of so much Consequence to my Repose that it should break it either in the Preservation, or the Pursuit of it. Is not such the Doctrine I am to learn? If such it be, I despair: for I could not, without much Sorrow, lose even the Privilege of this idle Correspondence.

LET-

L E T T E R XI.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.

I SHOULD have a hopeful Pupil of you. First you reproach your Master, then apply for your Lesson. You censure me for acting without Principles, and you would learn my Principles of Action. You accuse me of making no valuable Use either of my Wit or Understanding; you represent me as an Example by no Means imitable, yet I am to be the Pattern of your Conduct. Be contented, my sage *St. Evremond*, for once to be thought as inconsistent as your Friend!

Still you will be only like the rest of the World; for there is no such thing as Consistency in Human Nature. Man is a ductile and a changeable Creature. It is rarely that he acts upon settled Principles. The greatest Part of his Life is directed by Chance, and he is, for the most Part, influenced by casual Impulses, and accidental Circumstances—I perceive this to be the Condition of Humanity, and I conform myself to it. I am sensible that those Contingencies over which we have no Power, occasion so many Changes, and have so much Influence over our Lives, that the very Attempt to live uniformly or systematically would be as absurd as
to

to row against the Current, when to suffer yourself to be borne down with it, would convey you as safely, and much more easily, to the End of your Voyage.

The End of all Philosophy is to set the Heart at Ease. If I find that Compliance and Accommodation will answer this Purpose the most effectually, they are the very Means I ought to adopt. I comply with Fortune upon the same Principles as I would with any other Mistress, to keep her in Good-humour. If you tell me that Fortune is quite as ideal as the rest of my Mistresses, then I reply, that it is to keep myself in Good-humour;

and that certainly is no unimportant End.

You seem to be of the same Opinion, when, in your abundant Humility, you profess yourself my Disciple. But you have an extensive Process to go through, before you can be capable of those Doctrines you propose to learn. Yet be not alarmed. I do not mean that you should divest yourself of your warmest Attachments, or sacrifice the Love of Glory, Fame, or Pleasure. I think those are false Philosophers, who, to exempt us from the troublesome Effects of our Passions, would deprive us of the Passions themselves. They are like those desperate

perate Surgeons, who for the slightest Wound would have Recourse to Amputation. Let Love, Fame, and Glory be still the Objects of your Pursuit; but remember that every Object of Human Attention is uncertain and evanescent. Enjoy the Chace while it lasts—If you are thrown out, smile at the Disappointment, and start some other Game.

L E T.

LETTER XII.

WALLER to ST. EVREMOND.

TO be reconciled implicitly to every Event, and to pass through Life without Anxiety or Disappointment, is certainly a most valuable Effect of Philosophy. This is the Object of your Ambition, and this is what you would learn from me—No, no, *St. Evremond*, do not deceive yourself. You would not be without your Anxieties; you find a Charm in your Disappointments that flatters your Vanity, when you consider the Hardships of suffering Merit; and

and your Misfortunes serve to shew us how elegantly you can complain.

Would you lose the Pleasure of painting to the Duchefs of *Mazarin*, in such delicate Colours, your mutual Misfortunes? Would you be deprived of the Honour of being a Fellow-sufferer with such a Woman? A Similarity of Sufferings makes People Friends. It draws them together, not only because they expect the mutual Privilege of uttering their Complaints, but because those Complaints are best understood, and most effectually felt. They look upon the World with equal Jealousy. They consider Fortune as their common Enemy, and as such they conspire

spire against her. This Conspiracy begets Friendship, and Friendship Affection.

If I had your Wit and brilliant Fancy, I would write such an *Eulogium* on your Misfortunes as should perfectly reconcile you to them, without the Assistance of Philosophy. I would shew you, how much your Fame, your Wit, your Merit is indebted to them: I would convince you, how much unmerited Sufferings contribute to exalt us in the Opinion of the World. I would describe your Reputation stretching beyond the Limits of one Nation, and by its increasing Lustre casting a Shade on your Disgrace. I
would

would represent the latent Seeds of Fortitude as animated and called forth by this trying Event, which, in a Series of uninterrupted Felicity, might have been totally destroyed. I would give its due Encomiums to that Magnanimity which could still look with Kindness on the Scene of its Sufferings. I would ascribe the tender Passions and milder Sentiments, the Influence of Pity and Benevolence, the Prevailings of Modesty and Diffidence, to the occasional Exercises of Affliction. The Imagination should be found to have profited no less than the other Faculties. It should appear to be enriched, and to have caught new Impressions from Variety of Sentiments
and

and Situations ; to be softened and subdued by affecting Sensations : Lastly, it should be employed in embellishing Misfortune itself, and pour its harmonious Complaints in the Ear of sympathising Beauty. The Duchefs of *M——* should be the Object addressed, who, being something more than a mere Mortal, might well assume the Character and Compassion of a Guardian Angel.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

SO kind and yet so perplexing, so engaging yet so volatile a Friend have I never found.

From the Beginning of your last Letter I expected nothing less than a serious Lecture in Practical Philosophy—But we have hardly got to the End of one Sentence, till the Philosopher, instead of instructing his Friend how to bear with Misfortune, writes an Encomium on Misfortune itself.

Indeed,

Indeed, had I reason to believe but Half of what you have advanced in Favour of that *Monstrum horrendum*, I should, at the same time, have sufficient Reason to acquiesce in it. But alas! my dear *Waller*! your Colourings are too high. The Zeal of Friendship has overborne your Reason; has destroyed your Sagacity in the Discernment, and your Ingenuity in the Expression of Truth. Were I certainly either wiser or better for my Misfortunes, they would hardly deserve that Name; but that Time which I should have devoted to the Acquisition of Knowledge, and the Improvement of the Mind, has been, for the most Part, spent in useless Regret.

It

It must be confessed, notwithstanding, that what you have charged me with drawing from my Disappointments to soothe my Vanity, is not far from the Truth; but I believe it is chargeable on all Mankind. And surely Nature acted altogether from her Wisdom and Benevolence, when she lent us Self-love as an Antidote to Despair.

How artfully do you soothe and flatter me, when you mention the Duchess of M—— in such an interesting and affecting manner!—Oh, *Waller*! how well you know the Heart! For that I at once forgave you all your Levities, your extravagant

travagant Compliments, and ironical Praise.

You may smile, if you please; you may enjoy, with Complacency, the Power of your Address; but I must confess to you, I was utterly unable to resist the Inclination of shewing your Letter to Madam *Mazarin*.

It was imprudent in the last Degree: my Vanity overacted its Part. Instead of giving me Credit for the Compliments you paid me, her whole Attention was turned from the Subject to the Writer, and I was in Danger of finding a Rival, where I hoped to have found a Friend.

Yet

Yet this produced one agreeable Effect. I told her Grace you was under an Obligation to teach me your accommodating Philosophy. She immediately professed a Desire to become your Pupil; and she hereby lays her indispenfible Commands upon you to furnish us with your Lectures.

L E T T E R XIV.

WALLER to ST. EVREMOND.

THE Charm that bound *Proteus*, and compelled him to prophesy, could not be more powerful than that you have found out to make me philosophize. For as *Proteus*, though, possibly, something more of a God, was not, by your Account, more volatile than myself, nothing less than the Magic in the Name of *Mazarin* could have fixed me to the sober Point of Philosophy.

You may remember I told you, that you had an extensive Process to go through, before you could arrive

rive at that State of Mind which is immediately reconciled to every Event. I meant not that you should sacrifice your Passions, or dismiss your Desires. I did not propose to reduce you to a State of Indifference to every Object, for that would have been to cut off the Sources of Pleasure; and I am of Opinion that our Friend *Horace* was never more out in his Philosophy, than in the following Couplet:

* *Nîl admirari prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quæ potest facere, et servare beatum.*

* Thus translated by Creech:

“Nought to admire is all the Art we know
“To make Men happy, and to keep them so.”

For though to admire nothing may be a Means of preventing Regret, it can be no Means of Happiness, at least of that Kind of Happiness which obtains in my Creed; for that is Pleasure. If Ease be Happiness, If an Exemption from Evil alone may be termed so, the Dead have the best Claim to it, and the Inhabitants of Vaults and Charnels are more to be envied than the Living.

But this was never the Purpose of Nature. The Portion she gives her

Pope has borrowed this Translation, because he could not find a better; and then very ungratefully laughs at poor *Creech* for lending him it.

“ So take it in the very Words of *Creech*. ”

Children

Children is the Enjoyment of their Existence, and those are the most undutiful who most neglect or depreciate this her first and greatest Law.

Nothing that is not dear to us can be enjoyed: For this Reason Nature has given us Attachments, Affections, and Desires.

The End of these Gifts was to promote our Happiness; when they are retained longer than that Purpose can be answered; when they are extended to Objects out of our Power, it is not Nature that errs; we alone are to blame, who misapply her Gifts.

While we are attached to particular Objects, that Attachment constitutes our Happiness, so long as they are in our Power. When that ceases to be the Case; when this Law of Nature is obliged to give Place to the Contingencies of Fortune, or is superseded by some other Law of her own, then are we not to imitate Nature herself in this Case, and make the Less submit to the Greater? No—we will not yield to this. We are determined to retain our Attachments when their Objects are vanished; we cherish what is altogether superfluous; and what was given us for our Pleasure we pervert to a Torment.

It

It is not necessary to specify the several Objects I allude to : I mean whatever is the End of our Pursuits, Affections, Passions, and Desires. Whether Love or Friendship, Fame, Place, or Power, or whatever else may be the Subject, the Rule is still the same. While either Hope, or Desire can be reasonably exercised, we follow our Happiness in the Paths that Nature has pointed out to us ; but when Hope is cut off, our Pursuits are Madness ; and when Desire can no longer be gratified, the Indulgence of it is Folly.

These Speculations, you will say, are easy, and the Charge may be just ;
but

but is it so easy to overcome an Attachment which is grown into Habit, and has been confirmed by Time? Certainly, I answer, there can be no Difficulty in doing what Nature intended we should do.—Were it unnatural it might be difficult. Our Love of Life lasts as long as Life itself, because it was so long necessary for the Preservation of our Being; yet this Love of Life cannot possibly survive its Object, and that is the General Law which Nature has given to all our Attachments. She never meant that they should last longer than the transient Subjects that occasioned them; and if she never meant it, it cannot

cannot be difficult for us to act in Conformity to her original Purposes.

It is generally a Disposition to act contrary to Nature which occasions our Misery in this, as well as in almost every other Respect. It is from her Bounty we derive the Objects of Enjoyment; but with this we are not satisfied; we want to prescribe the Terms and the Duration of that Enjoyment ourselves. When she has lent us the Play-things of Pleasure for our Amusement, like Children, we cannot part with them without Petulance and Tears. No; — it must be the last Bauble, or nothing. In vain she offers us something else —
She

She has taken the Bells from us ; and the Whistle she holds out to us we snatch, and dash it to the Ground.

Thus we act like Children, and it is like Children we suffer. Could we but persuade ourselves quietly to give up one Toy, and take another, how much Misery, occasioned by Obstinacy and Absurdity, might we avoid !

It would, moreover, be no very ineffectual Means of inducing us to part unreluctantly with what we have enjoyed, if we should then begin to view the Object in the most unfavourable Light. Nothing more probable than

than that we should find it a Toy !
We often admire without Attention,
or the Exercise of Reason ; and it is
necessary we should ; for were we to
examine minutely every Object that
should engage our Affections, or ex-
ercise our Desires, we should find so
much Weakness, such insignificant
Properties, or such contemptible Qua-
lities, that Desire and Affection would
for ever be suspended, and we should
languish through Life without Enjoy-
ment or Delight. Then is the Time
to look upon an Object in the least
favourable Point of View, when it is
gone from us, and would carry our
Hearts along with it — While it lasts,
let us, for our own Sakes, always
contem-

contemplate it in the most agreeable Light; let us cast a Shade over its Imperfections, and cherish in our Imagination those pleasing Qualities, whether real or ideal, that first drew us towards it.

This is a very profitable, and a very pardonable Theft of Happiness; a Species of Self-deception, which ought, by all means, to be encouraged, because it soothes the Mind without corrupting it.

There are some Species of Self-deception, which it may be dangerous to indulge. The Cause of Social Virtue may suffer where it becomes
the

the Support of inequitable Principles ; but where it is admitted only in ascribing imaginary Perfections to the Objects of our Regard, it is productive of Happiness without any moral Inconvenience.

By this, then, or by any other unexceptionable Means, let us cherish our Attachments while their Objects are in our Power. When they are no longer so, let us withdraw the Veil that hid their Weakness from us, and when we see their Imperfections, learn to be satisfied with their Loss.

“ Ungrateful, and unfeeling *Waller* ! (at this Moment exclaims the
Duchess

Duchefs of *M*—— :) “What, then,
 “is there no Tendernefs due to the
 “Memory of what has afforded us
 “Pleasure? Shall we not beftow a
 “Sigh, a Tear, upon the Remem-
 “brance of what was dear to us?
 “How unnaturally fage is fuch cold
 “Philofophy! Nay, how very un-
 “grateful!”—

“Ungrateful,” faid your Grace?
 Ungrateful to whom, or to what?

“To thofe who, of all others,
 “have the greateft Claim to our
 “Tendernefs, to the Dead.”

“Ungrate-

“Ungrateful to the Dead,” Madam! Is it possible? Do you suppose them to be attentive, to our Conduct?

“I see no Reason why they should not be so.” But even supposing them to be mindful of the Living, would they be offended at such a Conduct as I have prescribed? If they retained any real Regard for us, would they not rejoice that we consulted our own Happiness by every Means in our Power; even though it were by reflecting on their past Foibles and Frailties? Either this must be allowed, or it must be taken for granted that they are the same weak and vain Creatures

H in

in their disembodied State that they were before.

* * * * *

A Billet from Lady C——!

LET-

LETTER XV.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.

HOW happy, my dear *St. Evre-*
mond, are the true and du-
 tiful Children of Philosophy! No
 sooner had I folded up my last Letter,
 than I had Occasion to practise the
 severest Precepts I had been preach-
 ing—In happy Expectation, I flew to
 Lady C.'s, promising myself all that
 Luxury of Conversation which we find
 in the uninterrupted Enjoyment of
 those we admire—She was utterly in-
 accessible—A Crowd of Coxcombs
 had shut up every Avenue. I had Af-
 surance enough to assume an Air of

Gloom and Dissatisfaction, at which I perceived she was piqued, though she affected to enjoy it—I made a short Visit, and set my Heart at Ease with the following Reflections : “ How
“ absurd (said I) to hope, from so
“ vain, and so variable a Creature as
“ Woman, any Certainty of Happi-
“ ness, or Enjoyment! The Senti-
“ ments of that Sex are so lightly ta-
“ ken up, and so superficially imprest,
“ that they are dispersed and swept
“ away by the slightest Breath of
“ Chance. Their Reason, if they
“ have any, (for even that has been
“ disputed) is a vague, volatile, and
“ flexible Principle, whose Office is
“ never to direct their Inclinations,
“ but

“ but to defend and apologise for
 “ them when pursued. Nature appa-
 “ rently intended them for little more
 “ than one Purpose, and we foolish-
 “ ly put it in their Power to plague us,
 “ by expecting more from them than
 “ they were meant to give.”

Do not you believe that, after these Reflections, my Heart was at Rest? Be assured that it was—I plainly perceived that Lady C—— had invited me purely to enjoy her own Importance in my Mortification. When I considered this, I pitied her Weakness as much as I had indulged her Vanity, and made them both together a Motive for my Repose.

My charming *Catullus*! my happy,
my elegant Philosopher! with what an
interesting Pleasure did I then recollect
these thy beautiful Lines.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire!

Et quod vides perisse, perditum ducas.

Fulsere quondam candidi Tibi soles,

Cum ventitabas, quæ Puella ducebat,

Amata nobis, quantum amabitur nulla.

Ibi illa multa tam jocosa fiebant

Quæ Tu volebas, nec Puella nolebat.

Fulsere verè candidi Tibi soles.

*Nunc jam illa non vult, Tu quoque
impotens, noli.*

Nec quæ fugit sectare; nec miser vive:

Sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura:

Vale Puella: jam Catullus obdurat.

Nothing

Nothing was ever more perfectly agreeable to my own Sentiments— This, *St. Evremond*, is the very Doctrine I have been preaching; let us try how well it will fit upon myself.

Wretched *Waller*! fool no more:
 Give thy idle Passion o'er:
 Charming all that once might be,
 Think it lost, if lost to Thee.
 Thine were Paths bestrewed with Flowers,
 Golden Suns, and smiling Hours;
 When thy constant Feet would stray
 Along the Love-enchanted Way;
 Led by her, that in thy Heart
 No Nymph has left an equal Part.
 When each Joy thy Soul could share
 Was snatched from no unwilling Fair,

Thine were Paths bestrewed with Flowers,
 Golden Suns and smiling Hours.
 Now the Nymph is kind no more,
 Give thy idle Passion o'er:
 Why, inconstant if she be,
 Should it make a Wretch of Thee?
 Tell her that her Arts are vain,
Waller is himself again.

Nature had undoubtedly very wise
 Ends in rendering that beautiful Crea-
 ture so very imperfect, and so defi-
 cient in all but personal Accom-
 plishments. Had the Charms of the
 Female Mind borne any Proportion
 to those of the Female Form, that
 Idol alone would have engrossed our
 Attention, and the other Beauties of
 Creation

Creation would have passed unnoticed —But Nature, willing to be admired through the Variety of her Works, has thrown into each something that might dispose us to turn from it, and, after a short Attention, to seek for new Objects.

Thus, in the Vegetable Creation, many Flowers that are adorned with the finest and most glowing Colours, are either totally destitute of Smell, or in some measure disagreeable. We admire their Beauty, and pass from them to be relieved by the Fragrance of others.

Nature

Nature is perfectly wise in all her Dispensations, and it is our best Wisdom to conform to her apparent Purposes. Had she intended Woman to be the sole Object of Man's Attention, she would have given her Qualities of Power enough to fix his constant Regard. But, from this she seems to have had Views entirely different. She has given so much Levity and Vanity, so much Fickleness and Inconsistency, such a wandering Head, and such a trifling Spirit, to the Female Character, that she certainly never meant so variable a Creature to be the Object of an invariable Attachment. —

Such

Such are my present Sentiments, and
I find that they are of no little Use to
me.

LET.

LETTER XVI.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

YOU and *De l'Enclos* are the most extraordinary Philosophers I ever knew. You do not confine yourselves to the Rules of former Sages, nor indeed to any Rules at all. You make your own Laws *ex post facto*. You pursue devoutly your Inclinations. If they are gratified, all is well : It is upon the Principles of Nature that you act ; and, for living agreeably to her Dictates, she rewards you with Enjoyment. If they are de-
luded, though then, perhaps, all is not so well, yet you will range through
the

the whole Moral and Natural World to account for the Disappointment. Your Search is not in vain. You never fail to find the Cause in Nature. Certain Imperfections she left in her Works, for very wise Purposes. You must be perfectly reconciled to her Administration; for you find your Happiness in following her Precepts!

An excellent Philosophy, this, and perfectly convenient! It removes every Subject of Self-Reproach, and all the Moral Causes of Discontent vanish into nothing. You sit serene beneath the Banners of Wisdom and Rectitude. Reason, Prudence, and Propriety charge you with no Transgressions—

Your

Your Hopes and Desires always move within the Circle described by Truth and Nature—You are always, therefore, in your own Opinion, entitled to what you enjoy, and by this commodious Philosophy you are reconciled to what escapes you.

That these may be very convenient Principles, I will not deny ; but their Truth, I apprehend, and even their Justice, must, frequently, be disputable.

Against their Truth it must be alleged, that, to refer Moral Inconveniences to Natural Causes, would consequently lead us to charge Nature
with

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with all the Evils and Irregularities that the Folly or Depravity of Man might bring upon him, and, in many Cases, with the Breach of her own obvious Laws, which would be absurd.

With respect to their Justice, it must be frequently problematical; for as it is one of your first Principles to remove every Shadow of Error from your own Conduct, it will follow, as a general Consequence, that you will not be too tender in your Opinion of others; and thus, either Nature, or the Works of Nature, or both, will suffer from the Imputation.

As

As to your *Un-Waller-like* Treatment of the Ladies, I must tell you that I had put on Shield and Buckler to step forth their redoubted Knight, but *Bouillon* vowed she was able to encounter so puny a *Paynim* herself, and you may therefore prepare to meet her Lance.

L E T.

LETTER XVII.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

I SEND you the inclosed without the least Compassion for you: You have deserved a more severe Chastisement, and you will be too much honoured in falling by so distinguished a Hand.

*Advenit qui vestra dies muliebribus
armis*

*Verba redargueret. Nomen tamen
haud leve Patrum*

*Manibus hoc referes, telo cecidisse
CAMILLÆ!*

I

Madam

Madam DE BOUILLON

to Mr. WALLER.

I HAVE the Pleasure of being obliged to Mr. *Waller* for a more agreeable Opinion both of myself and of my whole Sex, than I have ever before dared to entertain. *St. Evremond*, either to gratify his own Spleen, or to excite mine, shewed me a Letter, which, but for certain Circumstances, I could never have believed to be written by the gallant Mr. *W——*. The unmerciful Censures in that invidious Letter, thrown indiscriminately on the whole Female World, awakened, I must confess, my keenest Resentment. What! said I,

I,

I, are we then such weak, such insignificant Creatures, born for no Purpose but the lowest of all Purposes?—The Disdain I this Moment feel at my Soul, tells me that the Charge is not less groundless than malicious. For no nobler Purpose than —— But you shall find, *Waller*, that I can be cool; and that a Woman has Fortitude enough to repel an injurious Attack with Calmness.

If Nature intended us for nothing more than the Preservation of her favourite Boys, why did she give us any other Powers than such as were necessary merely for that End?—But you will say, she has *not* given us any

other—You dispute with us even the Privilege of Reason—O Blindness of Prejudice! Vain and arrogant Partiality! What is Reason but the Power of distinguishing Right from Wrong, the Capacity of drawing just Conclusions from known Principles? And will you dare to deny that we have this Power? Let the noble Instances of Rectitude, Virtue, and Intrepidity; let the shining Powers of Mind, the Fire of Genius, the Delicacy of Taste, the Vivacity of Penetration, and the Clearness of Understanding, that have distinguished Numbers of illustrious Women, make you think of your Censure with silent Blushes!—Shall I mention the several Characters which

at once occur to my Memory? No, Sir! I will not pay so ill a Compliment to yours.

But if, after all, you should have Charity enough to allow us this same Faculty of Reason, it must not be without Limitations—Limitations almost as disgraceful as the total Exclusion of it! “ The Reason of a Woman
“ is a flexible Principle, whose Office
“ is never to direct her Inclinations,
“ but to defend them when pursued.”

I wish, with all my Heart, *Waller*, that this were less the Condition of Human Reason in general; but that it is more particularly so with the Female World, I believe no candid Ob-

server of Characters will allow. Are many of us remarkable for Absurdities, for Levities, Inconsistencies, and insignificant Pursuits? Let it be supposed — But have not you, too, your Wrong-heads, your insipid Tri-
 flers, your fickle and frivolous Characters? Though a Woman should make use of her Reason to defend her Follies, is she therefore more despicable, or more ridiculous than he whose Conduct is equally exceptionable, but who has not Modesty or Ingenuity sufficient to apologise for it? Are we destitute of Virtue? You will not dare to say it—And are you not Philosopher enough to know, that Virtue is the Effect of Reason? If Virtue be
 the

the Effect of Reason, and if Women are not destitute of Virtue, neither can they be destitute of Reason; of Reason in its utmost Perfection; for it is that alone which is productive of Virtue?

But “we are vain and variable!” Thanks to that unbounded Adulation of yours, and that fickle Disposition to which we owe both these Qualities! It is to your Diffimulation, or your Servility, or both, that we are indebted for the greatest Part of our Vanity: and you know too well your Passion for Variety, to be ignorant of the Motives why we are given to Change.

It is this Necessity we find of assuming different Appearances, and of varying our Conduct in Compliance with your Taste, that has furnished you with your curiously-careless Observation, that “our Sentiments are lightly taken up, and “superficially imprest.” We can think, Sir, with as much Depth, as much Firmness and Solidity, as any MASCULINE MIND—But what a superficial Observer must you be, who could not at once see into the Reasons you give us for this Variety of Sentiment, as well as of Conduct?—Be ingenuous, *Waller!* be frank, and constant; and the
 Woman

Woman who shall treat you with Levity, will deserve your Reproaches.

I cannot help thinking, that you and your Friend *Catullus* are like two truant School Boys, who, after they have been properly chastised, affect to laugh and play upon their Punishment, but always return to their Master with Fear and Trembling.

Nothing so fine as your speculative Allusions to the Œconomy of Nature! Nothing so flight, or so soon blown away! Gently—Thou curious

ous Texture, let me behold thy delicate Frame! — Hold! 'Tis gone, like the Gossamer! Gone for ever! and not a Film remaining!

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

YOU have used me cruelly, in not introducing me sooner to the Acquaintance of Mr. *Cowley*. To find, at my Time of Life, that there is a Pleasure which I might have enjoyed for some Years, is a very mortifying thing. I am sensible of this Loss. Mr. *Cowley* has convinced me, that I had an Affection, which wanted only to be called forth and exercised, to add to my Stock of Happiness. He has taught me to love him, or rather to love something that is in his

Genius

Genius and Turn of Mind, with a Degree of Sensibility that is very delightful to me. His pleasant, easy Manners, the Enthusiasm of his Fancy, the Luxuriancy of his Imagination, have a certain Charm in them, which seems to communicate itself by Sympathy. When he speaks of Rural Life, and the retired Enjoyment of Nature, he carries me, without Reluctance, into the Scenes that he describes; and though I know from Experience, that I could not live two whole Days in the Country, I wonder, for the time, that I should live any where else. Mr. *Cowley's* Love of Nature appears so perfectly unaffected, that

that it creates a kind of Reverence for him. It inspires one with something like those Sensations, which we may suppose the ancient Poets felt, when they believed and described the Existence of Genii and tutelary Powers in the several Departments of Nature.—Let me ask you if you have not often regretted the Loss of that Doctrine. I am not ashamed to own, that I have lamented the Abolition of it with great Sincerity. Could any thing be more delightfully affecting, more calculated to inspire a noble and dignifying Enthusiasm, than thus to walk with Gods?—To see Nature full of Divinities?—Nothing thus is inanimate or uninteresting. Every
Grove,

Grove, every River has its Consequence, when accompanied with the Idea of its peculiar Deity. How much must it have heightened the Fancy, and harmonized the Numbers of the Poet, when he could suppose himself attended by listening *Dryads*, by *Naïds* that had left their Fountains to hear the Music of his Lays; perhaps by *Apollo* himself, the God of Melody and Fancy, habited like some Shepherd, or some wandering Herdsman!—I am sincerely sorry for the Loss of this Theology!

L E T

L E T T E R XIX.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.

IT would have given me Pleasure to have been of your Party with Mr. *Cowley*. Nothing could have entertained me more than the Raptures you expressed on the Idea of Retirement. I know you both, and am satisfied that the World has not two Men in it who are so little capable of living alone. You, indeed, acknowledge it; but poor *Cowley* has my Compassion. He mistakes the Chagrin of Disappointment for an Aversion to Public Life; and I grieve to think, that he must find himself unhappy in the Mistake—

I have

I have observed, that Men who have the greatest Resources in themselves are the least able to live in Solitude. It is not difficult to account for this. It is owing to an Excess of Sentiment. Evacuation is as necessary in the Mental as in the Corporal Functions. A Mind that overflows with Ideas, if it wants the accustomed Means of Communication, will languish and find itself oppressed. Books are of no great Service in this Respect. They pour in fresh Supplies, and draw but little off. Something, indeed, may be spent in Reflection; but that is a kind of Discharge, which, like the ebbing Tide, goes off to return with the same Force and Fullness. The
Pen

Pen is the only Relief in such Situations as these. The great *Raleigh* found it so during his infamous Imprisonment. Had he been capable of bearing Solitude, we should probably never have seen his History of the World. But no Man can write always. It is a severe kind of Exercise, which will not fail to weaken the Mind, if taken too frequently, or too long. Therefore, where Retirement becomes an Object of Necessity rather than of Choice, which, to the Shame of the World be it spoken, is the Case with Mr. *Cowley*; it were to be wished, as you observe, that the ancient Theology could be revived, and that

K

there

there were a Possibility of conversing with Ideal Beings. I fancy that you, who are a true *Catholic*, might, without much Difficulty, reconcile this Doctrine to Orthodoxy and right Faith. I often think, that the subaltern Deities in the Heathen Bible were considered only as so many Symbols of the Attributes of the Universal Parent. Thus *Ceres*, *Flora*, and *Pomona*, with the rest of that Tribe, represent his Beneficence in its various Operations. *Pan*, *Pales*, *Sylvanus*, and their associate Powers, impersonate his Providential Care in the Animal and Vegetable Creation. In short, it seems to me, that you may recall,

recall, without Impropropriety, this En-
thusiasm of Antiquity, and that in
all your Excursions you may walk
with God!

K 2

L E T.

L E T T E R XX.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

IT is with me, as with those unhappy Debtors, who, when they have no Hope of retrieving their Affairs, discover their Distress to their Creditors, and bid them, in Despair, take the little that is left—Time has a long Account against me, and, now that I have nothing left worth holding, I am willing to settle with him—O *Waller*! I have lived too long—I have survived myself—She is gone—that elegant, that enchanting Woman, is gone for ever—

ever—Those Lips, that never opened without pouring Persuasion into the Soul; that smiled into such Meanings as no Language could express — Merciful God! they are silent, senseless—I saw them quiver in the Agonies of Death; and then, even then, when her Eye was half raised to meet mine, a tremulous Smile hung upon them for a Moment—That was the last Sign of Sensibility, and in a Moment more she expired, in such a Manner as an Angel may be imagined to fall asleep.—I am very sick of this World. Nothing that is good, or valuable, will live in it. I find myself alone, in the midst of a vast, unfeeling,

regardless Circle of Beings, — with whom I have no Mutuality of Interest or Concern. Every thing around me seems to have lost its Consequence. My Hopes and Desires, my very Will itself — all are in a State of Suspension; and those things which used to give me Pleasure, by exciting my Attention, are now perfectly indifferent to me. Even the Faculty of Speech seems to have forsaken me, and if I have any Indulgence left, it is in a kind of *sombre* Silence.

*Et, cessant de parler, je remets à mes
pleurs*

*Le soin de faire voir l'excès de mes
douleurs.*

Dans

*Dans un lieu frequente, dans un lieu
solitaire,*

*Le plus aimable objet ne fait que me
deplaître ;*

*Insensible toujours aux clartés du So-
leil,*

*Plus insensible encore aux douceurs de
sommeil.*

I knew not that my Happiness so totally depended on the Object I have lost. I suspected not that she was so necessary to my Peace, to my very Existence—'Tis true, I loved her; but how unpardonable was that Ignorance!—I ought to have known the Consequences of losing her before I felt them—I should then have formed

a truer Estimate of her Importance to me—How painful is the Anguish of too late a Gratitude!—How wretched to be for ever learning what we should for ever know!

LET-

LETTER XXI.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.

IS poor *Mazarin*, then, no more?
 Escaped at last from the Malice
 of her Fate!—Good Heaven! that
 the most beautiful and most agree-
 able Objects in the Creation should
 thus suffer, and perish! How has the
 fell Satyr, MISFORTUNE, pursued
 that fair and amiable Woman, from
 her very Entrance into the World!—
 And has the Chace, then, only ended
 in the Grave? Alas! my *St. Evre-*
mond, I feel for you, for myself, for
 Human Nature.—But—let us change
 our Grief into Indignation—Let us
 remember, that this loved, lamented
 Victim

Victim fell at the Shrine of SUPERSTITION *, and pour our heaviest Curses on her detested Head — Join me, *St. Evremond*! — Lend me your assisting Hand, and we will crush her into Atoms—Let us pursue her through all her horrid Haunts, her dismal Retreats —The injured Ghost of *Mazarin* shall lead the Way, and scare her from the meditated Task of Murder.

* The Superstition of the Duke *De Mazarin*, and the ridiculous Circumstances of his fanatical Conduct, rendered it impossible for a Woman of the *Duchess's* Spirit and Temper to live with him. Unhappily, however, she had no Alternative, but to starve without him.— Yet she preferred even that to Slavery, and the Debasement of the Mind. Mr. *De St. Evremond* was among those who contributed to her Support in *England*.

There

There is a seperfluous kind of Generosity peculiar to liberal Spirits, which makes them, upon the Loss of those who were dear to them, lament that they have been deficient in Friendship or in Kindness. This, I find, is amongst the things that afflict you; but this is a Superstition of the Moral Kind, which you must not indulge. I know that Madame *Mazarin* had the greatest Obligations to your Friendship. You enlivened her unhappy Fortunes with your good Humour; you mitigated them with your Philosophy; you relieved them out of an Income hardly sufficient for yourself. Remember these things, and the Reflections which now give you

you Pain will bring very different Sensations along with them. The Idea of *Mazarin* will be accompanied by a pensive but pleasing Tendernefs, which, though it may bear the Name of Sorrow, you will be unwilling to part with. There is a kind of Luxury in lamenting the Death of those we have loved. Our Affections themselves supply the Place of their Object. We enjoy the Exercise of them again; and thus there is a Period of Mourning that has its Charms.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXII.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.

I REMEMBER to have been much pleased in my Youth with a Design and Motto of the Duke of *Florence*. The Emblem was a fine spreading Tree, full of innumerable thriving and flowery Branches: The Device,

— *Primo avulso, non deficit alter Aureus.*

The long Succession of that illustrious House, the Idea of being communicated through a Series of Descendants,

scendants, and renewing Life, only in different Forms, gave Occasion to many pleasing and flattering Reflections.—Alas! *St. Evremond*, they were the Dreams of young and unmortified Hope. Now, when I want them most, they have the least Weight with me. I shall, indeed, leave Children behind me, Branches that spring up from the decayed Stock of the Body—But, the incommunicable Mind—Of that I find no Traces in those who are to follow me. They may, possibly, bear my Name to the Distance of a few Centuries; during which Time it may acquire the Appendages of every Infirmary in Human Nature; be

be stigmatized with Dishonesty, Vanity, and Stupidity!

Yet how unaccountably prevalent is the Fondness of preserving a Family-Name! Could we impress the Features of the Soul; could we, like the *Grecian* Architect, give some internal Character, that might be a lasting Honour to us, this Ambition would have some Shadow of Reason for its Support. But I find myself, and I believe the greatest Part of those who are most strongly bent on this Method of preserving a Name, to be in the same Circumstances with *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, when he built his celebrated *Pharos*. His principal Intention was,

was, that this Building should convey his Memory to the remotest Posterity; and, therefore, that future Times might have no Motives to destroy it, he took Care that it should be of Public Utility, and serve both as a Land-mark and as a Light to all that used those Seas. The Ambition of the Prince, however, was defeated by the Cunning of the Architect. The Name of *Ptolemy* was cut upon a thin Shell, behind which was artfully concealed a solid Square of White Marble, with the following Inscription: “*Sostratus of Gnidos, the Son*”
 “*of Dexiphanes; To the Gods Pro-*”
 “*tectors, for the Safeguard of Sai-*”
 “*lors.*” Time did Justice to the
 Artist,

Artist, and brought him to the Enjoyment of his proper Fame. It is this Fame only that a reasonable Man should make his Object. The Passion of conveying a Name through a Series of Generations is ridiculous even in those who have no Merit to make themselves remembered.

L L E T-

L E T T E R XXIII.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.

I Am much afflicted with what you tell me, concerning the Death of *De Neuville*: for though I have not seen him these many Years, I believe he once had a Regard for me, and I must, therefore, bear a Tenderness to his Memory. The worst Losses we sustain, are in the Death of those that love us. Every kind Sentiment in our Favour is a Treasure of the greatest Value: It is the Approbation of a rational Being, and is the most pardonable Kind of Flattery in which we can indulge ourselves. The Desire
of

of having many Friends, in all the Extent and Confidence of the Idea, would be followed by great Inconveniencies; but to wish for the Esteem, or even the Love, of many People, has nothing unreasonable in it. There are moral Advantages to be derived from it. Every one, whose Esteem or Affection is of Consequence to us, becomes, on that Account, a Guardian of our Virtue. To such we voluntarily make ourselves answerable for our Conduct, and our Caution will always be in Proportion to the Esteem we suppose ourselves to possess. I would not have this Idea extended to that Popularity which is pursued, and sometimes obtained, by

Men of courtly Talents and public Appointments. Favour, like every thing else, when it grows common, loses its Consequence. Its moral Influence, at least, no longer remains ; for though the Esteem of Individuals makes us careful to preserve that Virtue that attained it, Popularity has no such Effect. There is something uninteresting, or something intoxicating ; something that infatuates, or something that cloy in the Possession of public Favour. Those who enjoy it most, are never solicitous to hold it long. From the slightest Motives, and frequently from none, they act in Opposition to those very Principles, which procured them
the

the Applause of their Fellow - Citizens *. If it should fare with Poets, then, as with Politicians, popular Admiration would be no desirable thing. Indeed, there are few Minds that are capable of sustaining it as they ought. The cordial Esteem of one private Friend is more valuable, because less dangerous, than the loudest Echoes of public Applause. If those Praises are heard, they are seldom heard with Safety. They are apt to destroy that Equanimity which is the Support of Wisdom and Virtue. Believe me,

* Had Mr. *Waller* lived nearer our own Times, he would not have found it so difficult to account for the Change of Conduct in popular Patriots.

150 L E T T E R XXIII.

St. Evremond, were I always sure of enjoying the Approbation of a few such Friends as yourself, I should think that Share of Reputation alone sufficient. But Death and Fortune have used me cruelly in that Respect.

L E T.

LETTER XXIV.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

I Am almost persuaded to think, with the Philosopher of *Chatsworth*, that it is a right thing to avoid Reading—Not from the Fear of having my own Sentiments adulterated by the Introduction of others : I have no Affectation of that Kind. But where is the Page that is not full of the Follies and Miseries of Men ? Whoever goes into a Library, finds himself in the same Circumstances with *Æneas* amongst the Pictures at *Carthage*. The *Lacrymæ Rerum* occur to him every where. If he opens a Book, he is

presented with the History of Human Misfortunes, perhaps with his own. The Annals of later Times are so filled with Death and Ruin, that I pass over them with the Fears of a Child, that thinks of Ghosts and Spectres as it wanders through the Dark. The Image of some brave Friend still starts up before me, points to his bleeding Wounds, and bids me curse the Rage of Faction and Ambition. Oh *Waller* ! what Destruction of the Human Species have you and I lived to behold ! — What Havock of our Contemporaries, of our Friends ! — Of what miserable Times do we stand the melancholy Monuments ! The Storm that tore
up

up the Forest still left our solitary Trunks unbroken! — To what Purpose? — To drop the Tears of Pity and Anguish on the Ruins that lie beneath us!

The Conclusion of your last brought before me all that I had suffered in the Destruction of my Friends. I laboured to oppose the growing Reflections — I took up an ancient Author — Merciful God! the Book opened at the following Passage: —
Accipe, mi Commilito; — ede; non enim tibi gladium præbeo, sed panem — Accipe rursum et bibe; non enim tibi scutum, sed poculum trado: ut sive tu me interficias, sive ego te, moriamur facilius;

cilius : atque ut ne me enervatâ atque imbecillâ manu occidas, aut ego te. Hæ nostræ sunt exequiæ, nobis adhuc viventibus. He who can read this with dry Eyes — He who can think of it without execrating the Authors of Civil Diffensions, cannot bear the Heart of a Man in his Bosom. I need not tell you that this is recorded in the Life of *Vitellius*. When, in the Civil Wars between that Prince and *Vespasian*, the Army of the former was supplied with Provisions by their Women, they conveyed Part of them by Night into the Camp of *Vespasian*, to refresh their Countrymen, whom they were to fight the following Day. The Manner in which they deliver them, the

the Language they use to remove their Apprehensions, is more affecting than any thing I ever met with of the Kind : “ Take this, Fellow-Soldier, “ and eat it — ’Tis not my Sword I “ put towards you, it is Bread — “ This, too, take, and drink it — It “ is not my Shield I am holding out “ to you ; it is a Cup. Whether you “ fall by my Hand, or I by yours, “ this Refreshment will make Death “ more easy. It will strengthen the “ Arm that gives the decisive Blow, “ and we shall not die slowly by a “ feeble Wound. These, Fellow- “ Soldier, are the only Funeral Rites “ we shall have. Let us thus cele- “ brate them while we live.” — In
what

what a detestable Light do those Wretches appear, whose Competitions could lead these brave and merciful Men to the Slaughter of each other! Surely some Curse of peculiar Bitterness is reserved for those diabolical Spirits, who, for private Gratifications, break the Bonds of Society! Is there no Place of Punishment for these Demoniacs? I would sooner believe there is no Heaven for the Virtuous.

L E T.

LETTER XXV.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.

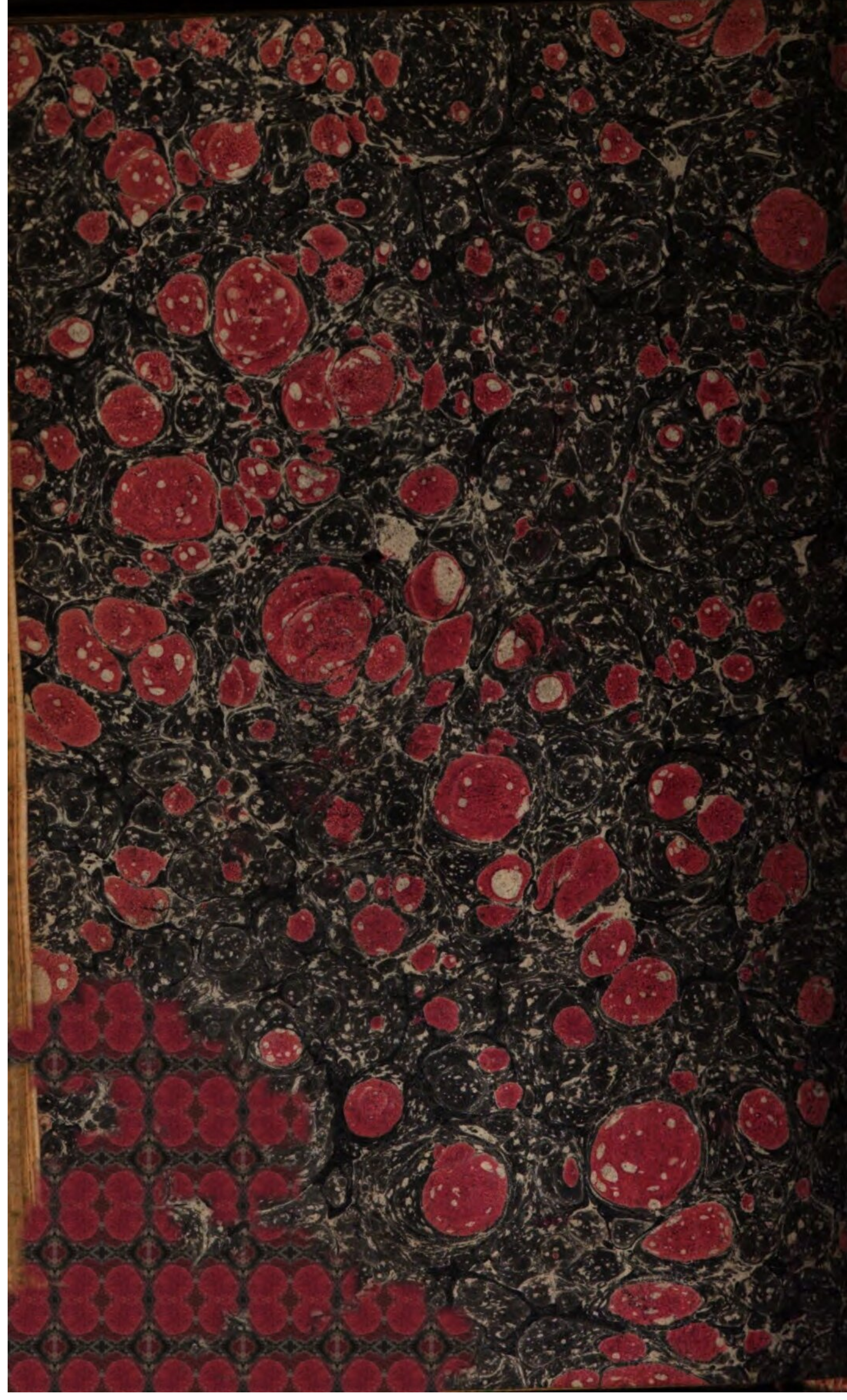
CROMWELL once observed to me, when we were lamenting the Loss of some brave Men, who had fallen in the Civil Wars, that as it was the Property of God to bring Good out of Evil, Man might sometimes be unblameably instrumental in doing that Evil for the Production of the ensuing Good. I am sensible, added he, that *St. Paul* speaks somewhat differently on this Subject, but he does not seem to have intended that his Precept should affect Political Matters. It is thus that the Disturbers of Society reason,

reason, when they want to effect their Purposes by pernicious Means. *Cromwel* was certainly a great Man, an able Negociator, a deep Politician; but, without Ingenuity, without Humanity, without any Affection for Truth or Honour, he made use of the worst and cruellest of all Political Engines, Fanaticism. I have often been astonished at his Command of Face, and Expression of Sanctity, when he listened to the vilest Nonsense that ever tortured the Ear of a rational Creature. Not one Look, or Glance, or Feature bore any Marks of that Contempt which he felt at his Heart. It seemed to me that he had two Souls, one directing his Countenance,

nance, Attitude, and Motion ; the other, more retired, charged with his proper and private Sentiments ; one that secretly planned and watched over the deep-laid Schemes of Political Ambition ; another that received its Orders from within, and went through the external Drudgery of carrying those Schemes into Execution.—I received many Favours from him, partly because I had the Honour to be related to him, and partly on Account of the Panegyric I wrote upon him—I must, therefore, beg for some Indulgence to his Memory.—Save, at least, one of his Souls, the pious and innocent Subaltern, that was employed in Prayers, and Praises ! that waited for the Lord,
and

and would rebuke him for his Delay !
 that lay violent Hands upon the Throne
 of Grace, and cried, Come, come
 quickly ! —— Surely, *St. Evremond*,
 this Soul should be saved : The other
 we must give up to the Allotment of
 your Demoniacs !

END of the FIRST VOLUME.





Langhorne, John, 1735-1779

Letters Supposed to have passed Between M. de St. Evremond And Mr. Waller

Bd.: 1

London (1769)

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